

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Thoroughbred.

By VINCENT G. EERRY.
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ONE of the most annoying things in the world is a neck tie that refuses to slip and it is doubly annoying when the collar comes undone at each tug of the tie. Lee Williams watched with interest the patient struggles of his roommate, Maurice Turner, with such a tie and such a collar.

"Why don't you wear another tie," Lee suggested at length.

"Because I am going out with Violet and she likes this tie. She gave it to me, in fact, last Christmas."

"Oh!" There was silence for some minutes.

"You don't need to worry about it. You were out with her yesterday," Maurice said as he got the tie into place at last.

"Well, haven't I a right to?"

"Of course, so have I."

As Maurice hurried to keep his appointment he thought of the conversation he had just had with his roommate. Was their mutual liking for Violet Fitzgerald going to cause a breach to come between them? Things could not go on as they had been going for the past two years. Violet would have to make a choice between them, sooner or later. What if she chooses Lee? It was most likely she would, for Lee was talented, heir to a large fortune and a scion of an old aristocratic Southern family, while he was working his way through college and had nothing before him but an opportunity to work hard to attain big things in the world. It would be a long time before he could reach wealth. But Violet wasn't the sort of girl that wealth counted with, he told himself—the character and worth of a man would be what would impress her more. Even there, Lee did not fall down. He was a true friend and honest as the day was long. The prospects of winning Violet did not look very bright, Maurice felt, but still he was sure Lee was the man of her choice.

"There is a dog show today," Violet announced after the first greeting, "and you know how I love dogs."

"So do I, that is where we will go," he answered gaily—that was one advantage he had over Lee, for Lee was not fond of dogs and both he and Violet were enthusiastic over them.

It was a big exhibition and the noise that assailed the couple as they entered, deafened them for a moment but their ears became accustomed to it and they were able to discourse on the merits and demerits of the various specimens of the different breeds.

"Oh, look at the chaps on this bulldog!" Violet cried as she threw her arms around a ferocious looking animal. "Isn't he the beauty? Wouldn't Lee be frightened of him? He just hates bulldogs, but this old fellow wouldn't hurt anything."

"Yes, he is a dandy," Maurice agreed. "But look at this puppy over here. It is actually weeping with homesickness."

"So it is!" Violet exclaimed as she hastened to cuddle the pup. The little fellow licked her fingers by way of thanks and looked into her face with big appealing eyes that seemed to say, "Please take me home."

The judging took their attention next. Violet could spot the winner nearly every time.

"I just knew that darkest Boston terrier would win," she said enthusiastically after a decision had been made. "He is the most aristocratic fellow here. Family counts with dogs as well as men. Give me a thoroughbred, I can pick him every time."

This started Maurice thinking. So after all Lee was the man for Violet.

THIS WOMAN INVENTED CAMOUFLAGE COOKERY



Mrs. G. M. King, who put the "less" in Conservation Cookery.

BY BIDDY BEE.

We are so thoroughly accustomed to "less" days and "less" menus that another food innovation more or less makes scarcely a dent against our jaded imaginations. Just the same, the most sophisticated kitchen soldier will perk up a little and consent to take suggestions from the woman who actually invented "camouflage cookery."

Mrs. G. M. King of East Orange, N. J., is the lady who sprang into culinary fame overnight by designing a pumpkinless pumpkin pie which she submitted of the National War Garden Commission.

Perhaps that was her way of telling him. Lee was a thoroughbred, there was no doubt about it, and if those were Violet's views about men as well as dogs, there was no hope for him.

Violet did not understand why Maurice avoided her after that afternoon. He had always seemed so anxious to avoid her friendship, but apparently he was tired of her. There was Lee of course, but just the same she missed Maurice. That some day she would have to make a choice between them had never entered her head, or if it had, she did not want to face it for any reason. There was a feeling that she was just beginning to recognize, and now that the possibility of having to make a choice appeared to her she felt that it would not take her long to make it.

As the days went by without incident, meaning any advantage to pick up the threads of conversation dropped in, and she wondered it after all Lee was not the better man.

Commencement day came. Then followed the final baseball match with the team that had been the rival for years. It was a glorious game and the way both Lee and Maurice played gladdened the heart of Violet and caused her to cheer frantically from her place among the fans. On what glorious boys they both were, she thought. But her cheers were silenced as the game neared an end and things looked black for the home team. When it ended in favor of the visitors she was one of the first to congratulate

MRS. KING'S RECIPE FOR A FULL MEAL.

Heat one can of vegetable soupstock, adding no water. Beat four eggs very light and add salt and pepper to taste. Add four tablespoonfuls of cold water. Pour eggs into a hot buttered omelet pan and fry to a golden brown. Put hot vegetable soup over the omelet and fold as for Spanish omelet. Serve at once from a hot platter. Serves four persons.

MRS. G. M. KING.

And now the camouflage cook with what promises of be the triumph of her triumphant career—a recipe for a full meal!

Yes, we know all about the "main dish" or "one-dish" meal of recent and justified fame but add bread and butter, or a fruit or salad or some like food to play support. In Mrs. King's new full-meal recipe you find proteins and carbohydrates and fats—and calories—loads of them—and everything—except sugar, and that can be added in the tea or coffee beverage. You simply dish up the "full-meal" on a platter, pass your plate—and there you are!

her friends among them. "It was grand," she told them, "and I was proud of all the men on both teams."

She knew where to find Lee and Maurice and hurried to the place. Perhaps Maurice had been studying hard to graduate and that was why he had neglected her, she thought. Of course that was it! Why hadn't she thought of that before?

She passed as she reached within hearing distance of the members of the team. It was Lee's voice raised in angry protest. As she listened her cheeks burned. What a poor loser he was, she thought, so unlike a true sportsman. Maurice spied her first and hurried to greet her. Lee stopped his flow of angry denunciation of everybody and everything in general and looked around shamefully.

"We had better get away from here," Maurice said, trying to cover up Lee's mistake.

"I am sorry for Lee," Violet said. "I hadn't any idea he was such a poor sport. I admire a good loser."

Maurice did not speak again until they were well away from the ball grounds.

"I would not have had you hear Lee make that mistake for the world," he said, when he did speak. "He is really a good sport—one of the best friends a man could have."

"Yes, he makes a very good friend—one can overlook shortcomings in a friend, but I pity the woman who married him, for there are so many losses and disappointments in life and I am afraid Lee won't take them in the spirit he should."

That started Maurice's heart fluttering. "Why—I thought—" he began, but Violet interrupted him.

"You thought what?" she asked.

"That there was something between you and Lee," he said.

"What did I ever say that would make you think like that?"

"You remember at the dog show what you said about thoroughbreds—men and dogs. Well, Lee is from an old family, a thoroughbred in the true sense of the word."

"That is where I disagree with you," she broke in. "A clear brain and head and clean habits make the thoroughbred man. Fancy does not count at all, if he is lacking in these qualities."

"But Lee is most of that," Maurice defended.

"I'll admit it, but I'm not at all interested in Lee. There is some one in my mind far more."

"Let's go some place where we can talk it over," he laughed as she linked her arm in his.

WAR MENUS FOR A WEEK

Tuesday (Meatless).
Breakfast—Oatmeal with milk and sugar, waffles, syrup, coffee.
Lunch—Substantial stew, oatmeal bread and butter, tea.
Dinner—Creamed codfish, baked potatoes, glazed carrots, apple dumpling with lemon flavored sauce.

Wednesday (Wheatless).
Breakfast—Fresh apple sauce, cornmeal mush with milk and sugar, rye toast, coffee.
Lunch—Baked beans and brown bread, canned pears, oatmeal cookies.
Dinner—Baked beef heart with rice and green pepper stuffing, creamed onions, buckwheat bread, margarin, sliced bananas with milk, coffee.

Thursday.
Breakfast—Wheat cereal with dates and whole milk, dried beef creamed on toast, coffee.
Lunch—Cheese ramequins, brown bread lettuce sandwiches, cocoa.
Dinner—Corned beef hash with potatoes, cabbage, and carrots, canned pear salad with native nuts, orange tapioca, coffee.

Friday.
Breakfast—Farina with milk, stewed apricots, vegetable hash with graham toast, coffee.
Lunch—Navy bean soup, oatmeal crackers, canned cauliflower salad, cookies, tea.
Dinner—Steamed haddock with tomato sauce, parsnips fried in vegetable oil, bran muffins, baked apples with raisin nut filling, coffee.

Saturday (Porkless).
Breakfast—Steamed hominy with milk and sugar, stewed prunes, toast, coffee.
Lunch—Baked lima beans, rye bread margarin, canned cherries, tea.
Dinner—Cheese with apple and macaroni, celery salad, crumb spice pudding, coffee.

Sunday.
Breakfast—Southern corn spoon bread, apples, fried in bacon drippings, cocoa.
Dinner—Chicken broth with barley.

stewed chicken in individual pies, canned spinach or Swiss chard on turnip circles, cabbage and tomato jelly, mayonnaise dressing, sliced oranges with cocoanut.

Supper—Nut and raisin sandwiches, cottage cheese, tea.

Monday—(Wheatless).
Breakfast—Stewed prunes and raisins, bran gems with syrup, coffee.
Lunch—Apple corn bread, oleomargarin, chicken giblets, tea.
Dinner—Rice and minced chicken in ramequins, rye bread, margarin, green pepper and lettuce salad, chocolate cornstarch pudding, coffee.

HEALTH HINTS

What are the secrets of individual health and of the increase of vital force and resistance?

Scientists differ in their opinions, and doctors disagree in their verdict, but all agree that of the many preventive measures, none are of such importance as exercise and moderation.

Moderation in the exercise of all bodily functions is absolutely necessary for the increase of vital resistance and the prevention of disease.

Bathing and the care of the skin is important and tends to increase vitality. Warm and temperate baths for cleanliness and sanitary purposes, cool and cold baths as well as a daily sponging of the body with cold water all tend to insure the body against colds and to promote the heart and circulation functions.

Proper breathing exercises at stated intervals and in the open air tend to increase the respiratory resistance.

Muscular exercises with a view to using all the muscles of the body, to improve its circulation and to make it more resistant to exposure and cold, Benjamin Franklin a century ago, wrote "People who live in the forests, in open barns or with open windows do not catch cold and the disease called a 'cold' is generally caused by impure air, lack of exercise or over-eating."

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED.
J. J. writes: "Am just turning forty and while fairly strong have little flesh on my bones. It worries me for I have now begun to think it may be a sign of ill health. What would you advise me to do?"

If you have always been lean, and have not suddenly lost weight, there is nothing for you to worry about. Light weight after the age of 30 is not a disadvantage, if you are in good health otherwise.

WEST VIRGINIA PATENTS.

As reported by H. E. Dunlap, patent lawyer of Wheeling, W. Va., the Patent Office records show the recent issue of the following patents to West Virginia inventors: Gabor Bisci, Gary, signal-alarm for switches; Norval Cunningham, Pennsylvania, envelope opener; J. E. Keller, Sistersville, combination wall-rack; G. A. Mahoney, Joker, necktie-stretcher; H. E. Mousie, Elkins, switch-operating mechanism; Nicholas Papapetrou, Morgantown, tray for trunks and suit cases; Jasper Scott, Charleston, brake for cars; W.

HATS CONFIRM SPRING RUMORS



BY BETTY BROWN.

Although winter apparently goes on and on, there are undeniable rumors of spring in the air and undeniable spring bonnets in the millinery shop windows which seem to confirm the spring rumors. Not yet do these smart straw bonnets of a kinder season dare to burst into bloom and foliage.

At present they are content with flaunting their loyal absence of wool and felt, and to confine their artful decorations to the feathers and velvet that will not look too absurd if caught in a belated snow-flurry.

As befits the "latest models" of anything, from hats to super-sizes—these hats are extremely smart as to line and conservative as to ornament.

The top hat is a turban tricorn of tobacco brown lisere straw running to great heights at the back and bursting into a fountain of glycerined ostrich of the same shade. The second favorite is also of lisere braid in black, with sharp cuts at the side to permit the addition of stiff silk quills in two-toned silk of sandcolor and black. The third hat is one which appeals instantly to the heart of the truly feminine person with its suggestion of the poke bonnet in line, its top of golden hinko straw, its sulphur colored ostrich tips, and its velvet facing.

YOU'RE BILIOUS!
CLEAN LIVER AND
BOWELS TONIGHT

DON'T STAY HEADACHY, SICK, OR
HAVE BAD BREATH AND
SOUR STOMACH.

WAKE UP FEELING FINE! BEST
LAXATIVE FOR MEN, WOMEN
AND CHILDREN.

Enjoy life! Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head dizzy, your tongue coated, breath offensive, and stomach sour. Don't stay bilious, sick, headachy, constipated and full of cold. Why don't you get a box of Cascarets from the drug store and eat one or two tonight and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced? You will wake up feeling fit and fine. Cascarets never gripe or sicken like salts, pills and calomel. They act so gently that you hardly realize you have taken a cathartic. Mothers should give cross, sick, bilious or feverish children a whole Cascaret any time—they act thoroughly and are harmless.

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for
Quality

A New Spring Hat

Will go far towards dressing up
the balance of your tiresome
winter coat or suit.

A large number of
handsome models
were just unpacked

You are bound to
find one of these
little beauties just
suited to your style.

Some of these were just bought
in New York, last week, by our
Miss Kincaid who has returned
from her Eastern buying trip.

Rheumatism Back on the Job
With its Old-time Fury

No Let-Up in Its Torture.

Pretty soon you will be reaching for the liniment bottle again, for the millions of little pain demons that cause Rheumatism are on the war-path. Winter weather seems to awaken them to renewed fury.

But your Rheumatism cannot be rubbed away, because liniments and lotions cannot reach the disease. It is in the blood, and only a remedy that goes deep down into the circula-

tion, and routs out the disease germs, can rid you of this disabling disorder. S. S. S. has given some wonderful results in "curing" Rheumatism. Being a purely vegetable blood remedy, it purifies the blood of every germ, and thus removes the cause of Rheumatism. Get a bottle to-day at your drugstore, and start on the right treatment that will get results. Write advice about your case can be had by writing to Medical Director, 26 Smith Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

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CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

I was surprised at Dick's speaking so frankly to Chad and Mollie looked at him in amazement. When we were alone together afterward she said in my life "I never was so surprised in my life as I was at Dick tonight. Of course he is my brother and I love him but if anyone had told me that he could express the sentiments he did to Chad I would have said that one had some other person than Dick Waverly in mind."

"I did not tell Mollie, little book, but you and I know that terrible experience in the water, with the life of Malcolm Stewart at stake, has given Dick an entirely new viewpoint on life."

"I am really glad," said Mollie, "that at last we have managed to get Chad out. This afternoon he sent for Waverly, you know, Margie, I have named our boy Waverly—and for a long while after the nurse brought the baby, Chad held him in his arms, looking at him intently. I knew from the expression on his face that my poor baby's father was suffering intensely—that he was making a very important decision."

"Finally Chad looked up at me. Margie, I never hope to see again such a beautiful expression as there was in his eyes. He seemed to have completely changed, and from that gloomy hopeless attitude he has shown all along, he now sees the future in a new way."

"Mollie," he said to me, in a caressing voice, "Mollie, dear, I don't know why I have not realized before how much harder I was making your burden. But I was so crushed, my brain so numbed, that I could not reason—I could only mope over the tragic truth."

"Please, dear, don't mind that now," I managed to say, though my voice was all but inaudible with suppressed emotion.

"But now," he went on, "I see it all in a different way. I am going to give my life, all my energy, all my means, all my interest, to raising this boy, to making him a useful citizen and a fine man. I will make this boy happy."

"Then, Margie, Chad and I talked,

a long time about what we would do for the baby. We made plans for him for practically every period of his life. And do you know, as we talked on and I told Chad all I have discovered in reading and talking with people about the affliction of blindness, we were able to look at the matter with a good deal of hopefulness? I tried to repeat to Chad a sentence I had seen in a book on the blind—a beautiful thought from the pen of a man blind himself. I believe. It is something like this—Life to him who has sight but no vision is drear compared to the days of him who has vision though his eyes see not.

"Oh, Margie," said Mollie, as she threw her arms about my neck, "it might be worse. I'm sure I would rather have my baby as he is than not to have him at all."

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(WILBUR MAKES FRIENDS OVER NIGHT.)—BY ALLMAN.

